

# Western Resettler Chronicle

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## Poetry.

### APRIL.

There's joy in the valley,  
And joy on the hills,  
A pushing of blossoms,  
A laughing of rills,  
An echo of gladness,  
From many a dell,  
For spring's happy spirit  
Has broken the spell.  
There's joy in the forest,  
A musical din,  
For frolicking breezes  
Are stirring them up;  
And birds on their pinions  
Their roundelay sing,  
While honey-suckle dwelling  
In every thing.  
The dew-drop that nestle  
In each flower's cup,  
The glad sunshine meth,  
And daisies them up!  
The birds are so gaily  
Unfolding their throats,  
As if the fall of the leaves  
Were their own notes.  
The clouds that are floating  
So lightly and free,  
Appear to our vision  
Like ships on the sea,  
And glitters each rain drop,  
Like some sea-washed gem,  
On dew-drops sparkling,  
On bud and on stem.  
We hail thee, sweet April,  
Best month in the year;  
Thy coming brings gladness,  
The land is so fair,  
In holiday vestments  
The earth is so new,  
And rich in her verdure  
Of beautiful green.

### WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British channel,  
The day had just begun,  
And through the window pane on floor and panel  
Screamed the red autumn sun.  
It glared on sailing flag and ripling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships,  
And from the towering masts the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.  
Sunbeams and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,  
Were all about that day.  
To see the French war-ships speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.  
Sullen and silent and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath and waiting in grim defiance  
The sea-coast opposite.  
And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel,  
Each answering each with morning salutation  
That all was well.  
And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from this sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.  
Him shall no shadow from the field of arms,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with their din.  
No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the giant figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post.  
For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In somber harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and named the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled.  
He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
That dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.  
He did not pause to parry or dissemble,  
But made the Warden hear,  
Ah, what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore!  
Meanwhile, without, the army cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright 'er head,  
Nothing in Nature's aspect seemed to mock  
That a great man was dead.

### ALFRED TENNYSON TO HIS BROTHER.

You might have won the poet's name,  
It needs but worth the winning now;  
And gained a laurel for your brow  
Of stouter leaf than I can claim;  
But you have made the wiser choice,  
A life that moves to gracious ends,  
Through troops of unobtrusive friends,  
A doubtful life, a silent voice;  
And you have missed the irreverent dream  
Of those that wear the poet's crown;  
No shadowy statement, nor king,  
Shall hold their organs at your tomb.  
For now the poet cannot die,  
Nor leave his music as of old,  
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,  
Begin the tumult and the cry:  
"Proclaim the facts he would not show;  
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;  
Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just  
That many heated words should know."  
Ah, shameless! for he did but say  
A song that pleased us from his youth;  
No public life was his on earth,  
No shadowy statement, nor king,  
He gave the people of his land,  
His worst he kept, his best he gave,  
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave,  
Who will not let his ashes rest!  
Who make it seem more sweet to be  
The little life of tank and brine,  
The birds that pipe his love true,  
And dies unheard within his dream,  
Than he that warbles long and loud  
And drops a glory's temple-gate,  
For whom the carillon vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd!

CLIMATE OF JAPAN.—Com. Perry, in a letter on the character of the trade that may be carried on by our people with Japan, says the climate of that country corresponds in many respects with that of our Atlantic States from Maine to South Carolina inclusive, and requires for the comfort of the inhabitants warmer vestments than can be made from our cotton goods. They have no material for the manufacture of woolen cloths, and are therefore obliged to accustom themselves to clothing altogether unsuited to the weather. They raise no sheep, and no useful quadruped beside the horse for the road and war purposes, and a few cattle for the plough. Their religion forbids the destruction of warm blooded animals for food; there is therefore many fish and vegetables and eggs. The climate of the Lew Chew Islands is milder, cotton answering for their clothing. The inhabitants indulge in animal food to small extent.

## Choice Miscellany.

### PRINCE BULL.

From Dickens' Household Words.  
AN ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.  
[The following "Legend" is a very happy satire upon the English Ministry and Government. The allusions, our young readers will bear in mind, are all hits at the conduct of the war with Russia, and under the guise of the "tyrannical old Godmother whose name was Tape," they will find a severe yet most amusing caricature of the stiff and pedantic rules of government, which have made all energetic management impossible, by placing power not in the hands of statesmen and men of genius, but in those of the "red-tapists," the prim, respectable set of clerks, "and nothing more" who now rule the British people. The satire shows the spirit which is moving in that nation, and which may before long sweep away the aristocracy of wealth and name, to make room for the rule of men whose genius and hearty sympathy with the people, marks them as nature's nobility.]

Once upon a time, and of course it was in the Golden Age, and I hope you may know when that was, for I am sure I don't, though I have often tried to find out, there lived in a rich and fertile country, a powerful Prince whose name was Bull. He had gone through a great deal of fighting in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing; but, had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy Prince.

This puissant Prince was married to a lovely Princess whose name was Fair Freedom. She had brought him a large fortune, and had borne him an immense number of children, and had set him to spinning, and farming, and engineering, and soldiering, and sailing, and doctoring, and lawing, and preaching, and all kinds of trades. The coffers of Prince Bull were full of treasure, his cellars were crammed with delicious wines from all parts of the world, and the richest gold and silver plate that ever was seen adorned his sideboards; his sons were strong, his daughters handsome, and in short you might have supposed that if there ever lived upon earth a fortunate and happy Prince, the name of that Prince, Tape him for all in all, was assuredly Prince Bull.

But appearances, as we all know, are not always to be trusted—far from it; and if they had led to this conclusion respecting Prince Bull, they would have led you wrong, as they often have led me.

For, this good Prince had two sharp thorns in his pillow, two hard knots in his crown, two heavy loads on his mind, two unbridled night-mares in his sleep, two rocks in his course. He could not by any means get servants to suit him—

—As he had a tyrannical old god-mother whose name was Tape.

She was a Fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgusting in person and formal, and could never bend herself a hairs breadth this way or that way, out of her natural crooked shape. But, she was very potent in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing to the weakest, and the most useful thing to the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it, and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

At the Court of Prince Bull—at least I don't mean literally at the court, because he was a gentle Prince and readily yielded to his godmother, and she always reserved the court for his hereditary Lords and Ladies—in the dominions of Prince Bull, among the great mass of the community who were called in the language of that polite country the Mobs and Snobs, were a number of very ingenious men, who were always busy with some invention or other, for promoting the prosperity of the Prince's subjects and augmenting the Prince's power.

But, whenever they submitted their models for the Prince's approval, his godmother stepped forward, laid her hand upon them, and said "Tape." Hence it came to pass, that when any particularly good discovery was made, the discoverer usually carried it off to some other Prince in foreign parts who had no old god-mother who said "Tape." This was not on the whole an advantageous state of things for Prince Bull, to the best of my understanding.

The worst of it was, that Prince Bull had in course of years lapsed into such a state of subjection to this unlucky god-mother, that he never made any serious effort to rid himself of her tyranny. I have said that was the worst of it, but there I was wrong, because there is a worse consequence still, behind. The Prince's numerous family became so downright sick and tired of Tape, that when they should have helped the Prince out of the difficulties into which the evil creature led him, they fell into a dangerous habit of moodily keeping away from him in an impassive and indifferent manner, as though they had quite forgotten that no harm could happen to the Prince their father, without its inevitably affecting themselves.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the court of Prince Bull, when this great Prince found it necessary to go to war with Prince Bear. He had been for some time very doubtful of his servants, who besides being indolent and addicted to enriching their families at his expense, domineered over him dreadfully; threatening to discharge themselves if they were found the least fault with, pretending that they had done a wonderful amount of work when they had done nothing, making the most unmeaning speeches that ever were heard in the Prince's name, and uniformly showing themselves to be very inefficient indeed; though that some of them had excellent characters from previous situations is not to be denied. Well, Prince Bull called his servants together, and said to them one and all, "Send out my army against Prince Bear. Clothe it, arm it, provide it with all the necessities and contingencies, and I will pay the piper! Do your duty by my brave troops," said the Prince, "and do it well, and I will pour my treasure out like water, to defray the cost. Whoever heard of a complaint of money well laid out?" Which indeed he had reason for saying, inasmuch as he was well known to be a generous and munificent Prince.

When the servants heard those words, they sent out the army against Prince Bear, and they set the army tailors to work, and the army provision merchants and the makers of guns both great and small, and the gunpowder makers, and the makers of balls, shells, and shot; and they bought up all the stores and ships, without troubling their heads about the price, and appeared to be so busy that the good Prince rubbed his hands, and (using a favorite expression of his,) said, "It's all right!" But, while they were thus employed, the Prince's god-mother, who was a great favorite with those servants, looked in upon them continually all day long, and whenever she popped in her head at the door, said, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" "Official business, god-mother," "Oh!" says the wicked Fairy, "—Tape!" And then the business all went wrong, whatever it was, and the servants' heads became so addled and muddled that they thought they were doing wonders.

Now, this was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled, even if she had stopped here, as she didn't stop here, as you shall learn. For, a number of the Prince's subjects, being very fond of the Prince's army, who were the bravest of men, assembled together and provided all manner of eatables and drinkables, and looks to read, and clothes to wear, and tobacco to smoke, and candles to burn, and nailed them up in great packing-cases, and put them on board a great many ships to be carried out to that brave army in the cold and inclement country where they were fighting Prince Bear. Then, up comes this wicked Fairy as the ships were weighing anchor, and says: "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" We are going with all these comforts to the army, godmother. "Oh!" says she, "a pleasant voyage, my darlings. Tape!" And from that time forth, those enchanted ships went sailing, against wind and tide and season, round and round the world, and when they touched at any port were ordered off immediately, and could never land their cargoes anywhere.

This, again, was very bad conduct on the part of this vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled for it; but she did nothing worse; but she did something still worse, as you shall learn. For she got astride her official broomstick, and muttered as a spell these two sentences, "On Her Majesty's service," and "I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant," and presently alighted in the cold and inclement country where the army of Prince Bull were encamped to fight the army of Prince Bear. On the seashore of that country, she found piled together, a number of houses for the army to live in, and a quantity of provisions for the army to live upon, and a quantity of clothes for the army to wear; while, sitting in the mud gazing at them, were a group of officers as red to look at as the wicked old woman herself. So, she said to one of them, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I am the Quarter-Master General's Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I

am the Commissariat Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I am the head of the Medical Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to some gentlemen scented with lavender, who kept themselves at a great distance from the rest, "And who are you, my pretty pets, and how do you do?" And they answered, "We are the—aw—Staff-aw Department, godmother, and we are very well indeed." "I am delighted to see you all, my beauties," says the wicked old Fairy, "—Tape!" Upon that, the houses, clothes and provisions, all mouldered away; and the soldiers who were sick, died miserably; and the noble army of Prince Bull perished.

When the dismal news of his great loss was carried to the Prince, he suspected his godmother very much indeed; but he knew that his servants must have kept company with the malicious beldame, and must have given way to her, and therefore he resolved to turn those servants out of their places. So, he called to him a Roobuck who had the gift of speech, and he said, "Good Roobuck, deliver them my message, so like a man that you might have supposed him to be nothing but a man and they were turned out but without warning, for that they had had a long time."

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of the Prince. When he had turned out those servants, of course he wanted others. What was his astonishment to find that in all his dominions, which contained no less than twenty-seven millions of people, there were not above five-and-twenty servants altogether! They were so lofty about it, too, that instead of discussing whether they should hire themselves as servants to Prince Bull, they turned things topsy-turvy, and considered whether as a favor, they should hire Prince Bull to be their master! While they were arguing this point among themselves quite at their leisure, the wicked old red fairy was incessantly going up and down, knocking at the door of twelve of the oldest of the five-and-twenty, who were the oldest inhabitants in all that country, and whose united ages amounted to one thousand, saying, "Will you hire Prince Bull for your master? Will you hire Prince Bull for your master?" To which, one answered, "I will, if next door will;" and another, "I can't if he, she or they, might, could, would, or should." And all this time Prince Bull's affairs were going to rack and ruin.

At last, Prince Bull in the height of his perplexity assumed a thoughtful face, as if he were struck by an entirely new idea. The wicked old Fairy, seeing this, was at his elbow directly, and said, "How do you do, my Prince, and what are you thinking of?" "I am thinking godmother," says he, "that among the seven-and-twenty millions of my subjects who have never been in service, there are men of intellect and business who have made me very famous both among my friends and enemies." "Aye, truly," says the Fairy, "Aye, truly," says the Prince, "And what then?" says the Fairy, "Why, then," says he, "since the regular old class of servants do so ill, are so hard to get, and carry it with so high a hand, perhaps I might make good servants of some of these." The words no sooner passed his lips than she returned chuckling, "You think so, do you? Indeed, my Prince!—Tape!" Thereupon he directly forgot what he was thinking of, and cried out lamentably to the old servants, "O, do come and hire your poor old master! Pray do! On any terms."

And this, for the present, finishes the story of Prince Bull. I wish I could wind it up by saying that he lived happily ever afterwards, but I cannot in my conscience do so; for, with Tape at his elbow, and his estranged children fatally repelled by her from coming near him, I do not, to tell you the plain truth, believe in the possibility of such an end to it.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—Passengers who travel by the New York and New Haven cars have a grand chance of "seeing the elephant." Going from New York, the cars pass the farm of P. T. Barnum, a mile or so before reaching Bridgeport, Ct. On that farm, and in plain view from the Railroad, an elephant may be seen every pleasant day, attached to a large plow, and doing up the "sub-soiling" in first rate style, at the rate of about three distinct double horse teams. The animal is perfectly tractable. His attendant rides him, while a colored man guides the plow. The elephant is also used for carting large loads of gravel in a cart arranged purposely for him, and in drawing stone on a stone boat or drag, in piling up wood, timber, &c., and in making himself generally useful.

Sort words often our own soul.

## LAVENDER AND PINKS.

From Peterson's Magazine.  
BY FANNY SMITH.

Do you know, dear reader, what a bouquet of lavender and pinks is like? Can you conceive that the far-famed airs from "Araby the blest," are dull in their spicy fragrance compared with them?

One pleasant June morning, as I was tearfully watching the long willow branches sway back and forth in the light breeze, thinking how in their graceful motions they were like the loving arms which once had entwined my neck, and were now palsied and cold in death, and saying to my heart "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow"—my hostess entered with a bunch of lavender and pinks. Their perfume filled my room, and as I turned from the window by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. A— said quietly, "Will you have these flowers? they are my favorites, and I never like to put any others with them," and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes chat, that there were sad memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by in the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnuts at the back, whose branches waved amicably together over the roof; and always on my toilet table stood a bouquet of fragrant roses and statelily lilies, or of larkspurs, lady's slippers and celandines; but always in a separate bunch, as long as they were in season, were a few spears of lavender and pinks.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess's face, which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hairs which so thickly threaded her raven locks, and by the quiet kindness in her dark eyes, and by the low, unexcited tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted and asked only for rest.

In the course of time I learned her history.

As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married against the wishes of her friends, and after a few months of wild happiness, she awoke from her fever dream to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifice.

Year after year passed, and she found her old shattered and but clay at her feet; but with a woman's undying faith she hoped on, through poverty, and desertion, and contumely, and she curbed her high spirit to gentle words, and went meekly about to make her home attractive, but, alas in vain—and after years of sorrow and hope, she rested his dying head upon her bosom, and listened with an appalled heart to the blasphemous ravings of his delirium. And she laid him in his grave, and stilled the moaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe that was just beginning to lisplip "ma—ma" so lovingly, that was so winsome in its ways, so cooling and happy through all her troubles—the "man child" to whose future she was already looking, when he should be her comfort and support, sickened and died.

She laid him in his little coffin, composed his golden curls and waxen fingers, and knelt down and tried to thank God that he had been saved from the trials and temptations to come. Wild sobs at times escaped her, as she thought of putting him from her warm bosom, and tender evening arms, into the cold, unyielding grave, but the appeal of the dear Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and I will feed them," should it be in vain? and a fervent "Thy will be done," she laid her baby away from her.

Time wore away as Mrs. A— in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hopes for the coming future were beginning to dawn faintly through the dark sorrows of the past, when a terrible accident befell her youngest child. Still the mother's heart and hand were not palsied. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the cool breeze, or to gaze on the trees, the flowers, the sunset; night by night with trembling fingers she wiped the cold dew, caused by the racking pain, from his forehead; and still the wild cry that was going up from her own heart, to sing to rest with sweet lullabies.

At times, indeed, her strength would almost fail her. She would rush from the room, to escape the wall from the white pained lips, and the longing, imploring glance of her child's eye, to moon out, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" the only prayer she could utter for strength, and go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bedside.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came, and in her own arms the mother held the child, repulsing with a sharp,

jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so fearfully precious to her; and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever. Amid wind and rain, she laid her second child away from her; and when for nights after, the storm moaned sickeningly among the willow branches and around the house top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave, to protect the untroubled sleeper from its fury.

At last the poverty which had so long stared her in the face disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life, was secured to her, and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child. This daughter was growing up into a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have inherited her mother's sorrows in infancy, so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last treasure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, fearing that every rude wind might crush it to the earth—sinking at the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, counselor, teacher.

To the watchful eye of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instincts are so sure, the change from week to week became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin, white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had cultivated with so much care, had to be discontinued, and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh bouquets which were plucked daily; though the only perfume for which she cared was that of her lavender and pinks. A few sprigs of those were always on her bosom, their spiciness revived her so; and she would sit listlessly arranging the grey blue of the lavender with the white and crimson of the carnations, in the pleasant June sunshine, while visions of the far away land to which she was hastening, became more distinct the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from her bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose, she was shrouded for the grave with a bouquet of her favorite flowers on her bosom; seventeen years from the day on which she had been laid, a little wailing stranger, on the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid again on the cold bosom of her mother earth, who stretched out her cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful resignation of the mother. They knew that it was the apathy of despair, leading almost to unbelief, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials; and that as Job of old was advised, she was almost tempted to "curse God and die." But better feelings at last triumphed. From among the glowing stars she saw the loving eyes of those she lost look down upon her, and she heard their voices in the night wind that murmured around the cottage, and all pleasant things which God had created drew her with loving arms to them and Him; and now whenever there are tossings on sick pillows, or weeping eyes, or breaking hearts, or immortal souls panting at the gates of the Eternal City, Mrs. A— is there to counsel and console.

I now say no more to my heart, "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

THE FIRST WEDDING.—We like short courtships, and in this, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Md'le Eve, and she, without any tirade or shyness, gave him a kiss and her hand. Of that first wedding in this world we have had however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood, have wished we were the man "who did it." But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding: Adam was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us, in spite of spiritual truths. Adam and Eve were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagacious speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience, without a pot or kettle, nothing but love and Eden!—Nath's Messenger

## LADIES' DRESS.

From the Home Journal.

Without drawing upon a nervously sensitive temperament, it does not require a very fertile imagination, or brilliant fancy, to realize a labor of love in the endeavor to interest the lady readers of the Home Journal; for I know that, whether I state something worthy of being treasured in memory, or give them any advice of immediate utility, either will be appreciated. And, relying—as their confiding nature always prompts them to—upon the sincerity of a desire to please, they will, of course, take the will for a proportion of the deed. It is now pretty generally conceded, and proclaimed by all intelligent foreigners who travel in this country, that, while the men of it are inferior to those of any other nation, still our women are superior to them. Believing, as I do, most sincerely, in the correctness of this decision, I am induced to decline any credit for the discrimination which makes me prefer—above all other juries before whom to be tried—such as might be indiscriminately selected from the ladies who read this paper.

It is true, that the exercise of the superior intelligence of American women is confined to a narrow sphere, being deprived, by domestic duties, from indulging the gift of inventive genius; yet, as a salvo which, we think, amounts to a just *quid pro quo*, they are free from the ignominious influence and debasing chase after the "almighty dollar;" while their sphere includes all the realm of interest worth living for—requiring as high an order of talent to properly fulfil, as to plan a siege of Sebastopol, or bring Spain to consent to reciprocity in our trade with Cuba.

Schools fail of conferring the desired results, unless the homes of pupils furnish them the examples whereby to practice the theories learned at them; and among the multifarious duties and lessons to be learned at home, are those of dress and address; for it matters not how many foreign airs the travelled lady may bring home with her from a long voyage, all those which cannot stand the test of home criticism must be abandoned. And so it is with dress: the train that might very properly and modestly become the Empress Eugénie at the Tuilleries, would call down ridicule upon almost any American lady who should display it at one of our most distinguished balls. Our ladies should reject, with equal distaste, the sumptuous display of the Lorettes of Paris and the tawdry bazarizettes of the Gracettes, and adhere to that *juste milieu* which is offered in a toilet of modest pretensions and price, distinguished for its freshness and elegance, instead of its luxury. Confusion of color should be avoided; and that which tones down on some—and such as produces an enervating effect, by heightening the tone of complexion, on others—should be selected with the greatest care as to *nuance*, and adhered to in defiance of milliners' anathemas. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, should exhibit an indigenous taste in their costumes, and all foreign fashions should be Americanized before they are adopted; for, as there is a marked peculiarity observable in the personal appearance as well as in the habits of thought in Americans, so there should be an outward semblance of dress, in keeping with the erect attitude, noble bearing, and free air of an American citizen.

It would be simply ridiculous for us—because the rulers of the English and French people, have plunged them into a wicked, expensive, and frightfully degrading war, so that mourning dresses are so numerous as to have made black the fashionable color—it would be ridiculous on this account alone to make black the fashionable color here; particularly while we are on the crest of the highest wave of prosperity. There is a time for everything, and in the order of events it does not seem proper that we should go into mourning just yet, and thus lower the value of sacred observances and souvenirs of respect for our departed kindred, by making those outward signs of affection too common, or affixing to them fashion's signet of sanction.

American ladies should receive the compliment due them for possessing the remarkable facility of being their own hair-dressers, and for displaying more skill and better taste in the art than do even the *coiffeurs* of Paris, Rome or Venice. The heads dressed by a professional *coiffeur* are all uniform, and according to the fashion—stiffly so; while the heads of American ladies are dressed according to the prevailing fashion, but yielding to the modifications dictated by a nice discriminative taste, having especial reference to the style of face and neck. They all know that the length of neck has much to do with the style of dressing the hair, as well as the cut of a gown and wear of a collar.

It is also predicable that our ladies do not use many cosmetics, or oils for the head; for, in Paris—where the complexion of the ladies is generally more or less winy, and where the hair-dresser does up the head every morning, not to be touched or recolored until the next day, before evening—it is not uncommon to see their heads powdered with dust, and the glossiness of the hair produced by pomatum not unfrequently frowy and dirty.

Spiritualists Beat All Hollow.

Spiritualism has nothing to marvel over, near so wonderful as the mechanical facts mentioned by a writer in the North British Review, who says—

"The condition of France can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving, after Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, the following account of the case of Col. Townsend of Bath, a gentleman of a high Christian character; Col. Townsend could die or expire when he pleased—and yet by an effort or some how, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first—it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his head on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean glass to his mouth. He felt his pulse sink gradually, until at last, I do not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sign of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance, as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far; and at last, we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. By nine o'clock in the morning in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished in the last degree at his unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and ourselves, we went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of his fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Col. Townsend actually expired."

Will he succeed?—The Albany correspondent of the New York Courier, imparts the following intelligence about the probable discovery of a remedy for the insect in wheat:

"I witnessed yesterday what was intrinsically worth more than was the day's legislation. Dr. Fitch of Washington, under the patronage of the State Agricultural Society, is investigating, with a minuteness and patience and unwearied zeal, that can only seldom be obtained in human effort, the history, habits, origin of and remedy for the insect—as our despairing and suffering farmers call it—the midge that eats out of the grain its life—that has for so long time checked all the wheat-growing of the East, and has, in the last year, turned to skeleton results, the promising harvest of western New York, and has blended its insidious evils with the destruction wrought to the wheat crop of Ohio, by the drought."

This effort of Dr. Fitch promises to work out a remedy for this mighty evil, and I could see that the accurate research, the precise presentation of this scholar of Nature, as he showed in the cereals the minute but sure path of destruction made by the insect—was worthy before the notice and commendation of the Press, than would have been the effort of the orator. The loss which is wrought out to the granaries of our country by this army of destroyers is extensive beyond belief.

The London Punch on Gender.—The sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the where-withal to shine away as she does of a night; and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State, and time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies.

A Good Reason.—"Why are you forever humming that air?" asked Foote of a man without a sense of time in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote, "you are forever murdering it."

Kind words do not cost much, they help one's own good nature.